

No regrets

by Skullka

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Summary: "Didn't you want to become an ace? And I was the one who took that away from you... I'm sorry, Hinata... I'm so sorry..."

Hinata saves Kageyama's life, but the price is high - he ends up permanently injured to the point he can't play volleyball anymore. And Kageyama blames himself... but does Hinata blame him?

## 1. Chapter I - Denial

\_\*\*Chapter I. - Denial\*\*\_

\_\*\*Hello everyone! I'm here with my first KageHina fic. Eh, it's also my first time writing in english, so I hope there aren't many mistakes (though I had a beta so I will trust her!). Anyway, I just love putting my favorite characters and ships into angsty situations, so... enjoy. C:\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>I was standing in front of his room once again. It wasn't like I'd never been there before â€" actually, I spent there more time than I could ever imagine in the past year. But this time, it was different. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't bring myself to face him.<p>

Sure, I've seen him already. I talked to him. I visited him, while he was still in hospital â€" the senpais made me do it. But it didn't change anything, because I still felt horrible.

\_Because it was my fault.\_

I hesitated before knocking on the door.

"Come in!" Hinata shouted. I took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

"Hi Hinata," I said when I walked in.

"Oh, Kageyama! Hi!" He looked at me and smiled.

I couldn't help myself and even though I didn't want to, my eyes traced his figure, sitting in front of his computerâ€¦ sitting in a wheelchair. I gulped.

"How was it at school?" he asked nonchalantly while I walked across the room and sat on the bed near to him.

"Nothing important."

"Isn't it just that you personally don't find it important?"

"Then go ask someone else," I growled. "Such as Nishinoya-san. You two are pretty similar when it comes to this."

Hinata laughed. "Yeah. I guess we are." Then we went silent for a moment

"They miss you," I whispered and pierced the silence with my words. "The senpais." \_We all do.\_ "When are you coming back?"

"On Monday," he said. "I'm glad. I'm already tired of this."

I nodded. "Right. It will be nice. Once you're back."

\_But it will never be the same again, because you can't play anymore. You can't play because of me.\_

"Yeah."

It hurt so much. Seeing Hinata like this. He had his usual smile on his face, but he was a \_terrible\_ liar and you could tell in an instant that it was fake.

\_But why is he even doing this? Even though he's with the source of this all. So why does he still act so nice?\_

"Hey, Kageyama, are you alright?"

I shook my head to get rid of these stupid thoughts. "Yeah. Sorry."

"Are you sure? You don't look like it." Hinata turned off the computer screen and faced me directly. I overcame the need to look away.

"Shouldn't it be you to be worrying about?"

Hinata blinked in surprise. "Huh? Why?"

"Becauseâ€¦ you knowâ€¦" \_You're not able to play anymoreâ€¦ \_"Once you're back, you won'tâ€¦ participate in activitiesâ€¦" It was hard to say it out loud. So hard.

"Ah, this?" Hinata smiled but the smile was everything but cheerful. "Don't worry about it. I'll be fine. I am fine."

"Are you sure?" I whispered, and unwillingly looked at the wheelchair again.

"Of course!" He smiled with everything he's got, but his eyes were dead.

"You are a terrible liar, Hinata."

His smile became bitter and he turned his face down, probably to look at his now useless legs.

"You know, it doesn't bother me that much. I was never meant to play volleyball. When I met you, I thought that I found a way, butâ€¦ well, I was mistaken."

He was still facing the floor, so I couldn't see his expression, but this was enough to hear.

"I'm sorry," I said softly.

"Why are you?" Hinata looked at me, surprised.

"Ifâ€¦ if it wasn't for meâ€¦" \_If you didn't decide to help meâ€¦ If you never met me in the first placeâ€¦ \_"This might have never happen."

I couldn't look him into the eyes.

"What are you-"

"It's my fault," I said.

"Kageyama, it's not. Stop blaming yourself."

"I won't."

I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and faced Hinata. I turned my eyes away. I couldn't stand it.

"It's alright. You have nothing to do with it. If it's anyone's fault, it's mine."

He still kept his palm on my shoulder. I frowned at him. "Don't just give me this. It was because of me. Doesn't it bother you even a little bit? Don't youâ€¦ don't you ever regret it?"

He shrugged. "I told you already. I just wasn't meant to play volleyball."

"Hinata-"

"And," he continued, "no, I don't regret it."

I frowned even more and shook his hand off.

"You really are a terrible liar, Hinata."

He smiled, pain clearly visible in his eyes. I knew too well how he loved volleyball. So, why was he acting like this?

\_Didn't you want to become an ace?\_

\_And I was the one who took that away from you.\_

\_I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.\_

But I didn't say anything.

"It's not like I can do anything about it, you know," he broke the silence after a while. "I don't have any other choice than to accept it. But," he raised his voice the moment he saw me opening my mouth to talk back, "I don't regret it, and I don't blame you. So pleaseâ€¦ do the same."

He stretched his arm towards me, but changed his mind and stopped immediately.

"No matter how you look at it, it's my fault," I said finally. Hinata just sighed. I continued. "I actually don't understand why do you still allow me to talk to you."

I looked up and watched his face. I've seen him being serious a few timesâ€¦ but this was different. He seemed brave, he \_tried \_to seem brave. His expression now, it wasn't that one which he wore when he said "We haven't lost yet" in a match. That was complete and definite resolution. Thisâ€¦ this was just a face of a person who definitely gave up on everything.

"Kageyama-"

"I have to go," I said quickly and dashed to the door. I never meant to say all these things. Damn it.

"A-alrightâ€¦" Hinata stuttered in surprise.

I knew that I shouldn't talk anymore, I told myself to shut up, but still, I didn't. Right before I left the room, I turned back and faced Hinata once again, looking directly into his eyes.

"Justâ€¦ you don't have to act so tough all the time, you know." I bit my lip. "See you next week, then."

And I ran away.

...

"Come on, Hinata. We're late!" I yelled at him. "It's your fault after all. What took you so long anyway?"

"I just couldn't decide!" he cried. "I'm sorry!"

"Just hurry up!" I yelled again as I stepped on the road.

But I didn't look around.

"Kageyama!" It was Hinata.

From my left, there was a car heading my direction.

You know, I always wondered, when this kind of stuff happened in

movies or books, if it was really like this " I mean, why all these people just don't run away? Is it that hard to jump aside, to dodge|?

But at that moment, I realized that yes, it is. I've seen the car coming, and I wanted to move, but I just couldn't. But it only lasted a few seconds, because someone came from behind and pushed me out of the road.

\_It was Hinata.\_

I hit the ground with a thud and squeaking of brakes was followed by a crash.

It took me a while to come back to my senses. My head hurt really badly, but I didn't care.

\_Did Hinata really|\_

I turned to the road. Hinata was lying on the ground, facing the asphalt| and there was blood. Oh my god, there was so much blood.

"Hi| Hinata|" I whispered before finally realizing what happened. "Hinata!" I cried and rushed towards him.

I don't remember what happened after that. I think I passed out at some point. I remember the hospital; the gross smell of disinfection, white walls| and Hinata. He was unconscious with an oxygen mask on his face| but he didn't look like he was in pain. Actually, he looked| like he was at peace.

It| it scared me. It seemed like he has already died. It was horrible.

First thing I remember properly is when his parents arrived.

I wasn't paying attention to other people, I was in too big shock to do so. Even though there were people treating my wounds, banal if compared to Hinata's. Someone was even trying to comfort me. I wasn't listening. I didn't care. But when they arrived, I finally came back to my senses.

"Ah, Kageyama-kun|" Hinata's mother looked at me and forced a smile on her face, red and wet from tears. "You| you were with him?"

I just nodded. They were both wearing such painful expressions| it made me want to throw up.

Then, the doctor came. When he noticed that I was there as well, he scowled in my direction. \_Oh, right. I wasn't welcome here.\_

But before I could stand up to leave, Hinata's mom spoke. "No, he's his best friend. He can stay."

The doctor didn't stop scowling, but nodded and let me be.

And at that moment I heard the results, I heard the truth.

\_Hinata's spinal cord was permanently damaged. And he probably won't

be able to walk anymore.\_

Just as I thought I recovered from the shock, my head started spinning again.

"Kageyama-kun, are you alright?"

I nodded, but I felt horrible.

\_Hinataâ€| he won't be able to walk ever again. He won't be able to play ever again.\_

\_And it's all because of meâ€| it's my fault.\_

That night, I was lying in my bed, face buried in the pillow. I felt how it was slowly getting wet. I couldn't remember the last time I cried. Maybe this was the first one.

"I'm sorry, Hinataâ€| I'm so sorry."

I kept whispering that over and over the whole night.

...

I was waiting at the bus stop, music in my earphones so loud I could barely hear the traffic in front of me.

\_So I did it. I ran away, again.\_

But what should I do? What is the right thing to do?

\_Howâ€| how can he not regret it?\_

I did. I regretted it. I regretted every damn second of that afternoon.

\_He has to hate me. He has to hate me so much.\_

What have I done?

He was my friend. It hurt to see him like this. In such a hopeless situation.

I didn't want him to be like this. I wanted him to play volleyball.

\_I wanted him to play volleyball with me.\_

The bus arrived and I got on.

After all, I still can just run away.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Aaaaah if you're reading this than you made it through the whole story and I have to say THANK YOU! I would like to make three chapters for this, the second one is already being written, so I hope I will see you next time, with Hinata's POV!  
C:<strong>\_

## 2. Chapter II - Acceptance

\_\*\*So we already know how Kageyama feels... but what about Hinata? What does he think? Is Kageyama right... when he says that he must hate him?\*\*\_

â€|\_\*\*..\*\*\_

\_\*\*So yup, here I am again! This time with Hinata's POV on the whole situation. Again I am sorry if it hurts ok, I really am. Anyway, enjoy! C:\*\*\_

\_\*\*No regrets â€" chapter II. â€" Acceptance\*\*\_

I was saying all this bullshit about how I don't regret it, so he shouldn't regret it either. But the truth was I wasn't so sure myself.

Yes, I was mad. I was angry. I wanted to play volleyball. I wanted to play so much.

\_And I wanted to play with Kageyama.\_

Actually, I think that it was the worst thing about it all.

I shook my head. \_No, don't think about it.\_It's not like I can do anything about it anyway. I just have to accept it.

\_Which is something Kageyama is totally not doing.\_

â€|.

I remember that day too well. The moment I saw the car is still too vivid in my mind. But I can't say that I didn't think about it.

I can't say that I didn't know what I was doing, that I didn't realize the risk â€" because I did.

Before I decided to jump, I thought it over, even if it was only for a few seconds. My mind was totally clear the moment I thought \_I will do it\_.

There was a chance for Kageyama getting injured, even to the point he wouldn't be able to play volleyball ever again. \_There was a chance of Kageyama \_dying.

And I didn't want that. I didn't want him to quit volleyball. I didn't want him to get injured. \_I didn't want him to die.\_

I realized well that the same went for me â€" that I might get injured. That I might die.

It wasn't like I didn't care. Trust me, it was just a few seconds, but I considered all the possibilities thoroughly. And the verdict was: \_It rather be me than Kageyama.\_

And at that moment, I jumped.

It hurt so much I couldn't think straight after the car crashed into

me. But I remember one thing that came into my mind before I managed to pass out.

\_Did I success? Did it work? Is Kageyama alright?\_

I woke up in the hospital, my whole body hurt as hell.

I realized what happened. \_Right, so this meansâ€¦ that I saved Kageyama?\_

I heard voices. I opened my eyes and looked around. There was a doctor, speaking to me, then mom and dadâ€¦ I've been only thinking about one thing.

"Ka-Kageyama isâ€¦" I muttered, and then I saw him, standing at the back of the room, looking at me with an expression that wasn't unusual for him, yet it seemed moreâ€¦ lifeless that day.

But he seemed okay. I was relieved.

\_So it wasn't for nothingâ€¦ Thank goodnessâ€¦ \_

After that, I passed out again.

â€¦..

When I was told the results, about my spine being damaged permanentlyâ€¦ well, I'm not quite sure what I felt at that moment.

I was determined, so sure, the moment I jumpedâ€¦ but now, I didn't know myself.

\_Don't I actually regret it?\_

I wanted to turn to my side, but then realized it was impossible. Not just that the pain stopped me from doing so immediately, but it was also damn hard when you couldn't move your legs.

I was about to cry.

It didn't just mean that I will be crippled for the rest of my life, unable to do anything or take care of myself.

\_It meant that I couldn't play volleyball anymore.\_

And yes, I wanted to play. I wanted to become an ace.

\_And I wanted to play with Kageyama.\_

I shook my head. \_No. \_It was either Kageyama or me. If I haven't jumped there at that moment, Kageyama would be lying here instead of me. His future ruined, his dreams crushed.

\_Is that what I want?\_

I really was about to cry. Because no matter how much I thought about itâ€¦ I didn't know.

â€¦



Days passed, and I can't say I became used to it, even a little bit. But I realized that I didn't want other people to know. I didn't want to show that. \_I have to be brave,\_ I told myself. \_I have to act like it doesn't bother me, like it doesn't matter.\_

I knew Kageyama too well to know that he will blame himself for what happened. But even though I wasn't sure myself if \_I \_blamed him or not, I knew that I \_didn't \_want him to blame himself.

But as I said, days passed " and Kageyama hasn't shown himself since. Though, everyone else have. The whole volleyball team came to visit me, but Kageyama wasn't with them. I asked about him.

Suga-san turned his face down and bit his lip, then took a deep breath and faced me again.

"I think that he blames himself. That's why he's afraid to face you. He probably thinks that you hate him."

I shook my head and sighed. "That's not true. Please, tell him next time you see him."

He nodded. "I will."

And he obviously really did, because next time I had a visit, Noya-san and Tanaka-san at that time, Kageyama was with them.

I smiled, and this time it was much less forced than usually.

\_So he came. That's a relief.\_

He didn't talk until the senpais said that they will go buy something to drink and left. After that, there were only two of us in the room, as the silence filled it.

I pasted the fake smile on my face once again, even though I felt it physically hurt. "So you came."

He nodded. "Yeah. I came." Then he bit his lip. "Suga-san said"

"Right. I don't hate you or anything."

He took a deep breath.

"Are you sure?"

\_Shot.\_

No, I wasn't. But I couldn't tell him that.

"Yes, I am. I wouldn't do it if I wasn't." Well, that wasn't a lie either. I was sure the very moment I did it. I just wasn't sure now.

But Kageyama shook his head.

"It was my fault. I just recklessly stepped onto the road. You" why have you decided to save me? To" to sacrifice yourself?"

It was clear from his face that he was troubled by it.

I gulped, but then I shook my head. "I just decided to do so. Not a big deal."

"I bet you didn't even know what you were doing."

I shook my head again. "No, I realized the risk perfectly. I just decided that I wanted to do it."

This one was true " I really \_did\_ want to sacrifice myself for Kageyama. At that moment.

"You have to regret it. You have to hate me." He turned his face to the floor. "I'm sorry" it's all my fault."

"No," I said firmly, but I felt my body starting to shake. "Kageyama, it's not your fault. Don't blame yourself. Please."

"I can't. No matter how you look at it, it's my fault. That you" he looked at me, then at the wheelchair standing next to my bed. "That" you can't play" for now."

I frowned. \_For now?\_

"It's not 'for now', Kageyama," I said, even though the words got stuck in my throat. "It's \_from now on\_. I won't be able to walk ever again, let alone play."

\_I already knew all of this, so why did it hurt so much to say out loud?\_

"No," Kageyama replied immediately. "No, I" don't believe that. There must be a way. There" there must be a hope."

"There is none."

But Kageyama shook his head. "I refuse that."

I sighed. "And that's the problem, you know? You" have to accept it." \_Even if I don't.\_ "The fact that it ended like this" as well as the fact that it \_wasn't\_ your fault."

It was true. Kageyama" didn't look like he accepted it. But he had to. \_I want him to. I need him to.\_

Each of my teammates reacted differently. Some showed pity, some encouraged me. Most tried to avoid this topic, but some were totally open about it. But, I don't know" it might have been just my opinion, but" they all seemed to accept it, to accept me" to accept the fate, if I put it the silly way.

But Kageyama didn't.

Still, he just frowned at me. "I won't. Because I can't. Also, what about you? You don't look like you accepted it yourself, either."

\_Dammit.\_

But I still had to keep my cool. I justâ€¦ didn't feel like lying anymore.

"It's different for me," I said as resolute as I could. But Kageyama just faced the floor.

"Iâ€¦ I don't want to accept it. Iâ€¦ want to playâ€¦ with youâ€¦ but now, you can't. Because of me." He took a deep breath before continuing. "It doesn't matter if you regret it or notâ€¦ because I do. It doesn't make any difference if you hate me or notâ€¦ because I hate myself enough. For what happened." His voice was but a whisper when he looked into my eyes and said: "I'm so sorry, Hinata."

Then, in just an instant, his expression changed. You could almost hear the "Crap" he went in his head at that very moment.

\_Oh, right. It's Kageyama. I bet he never meant to say something like this.\_

"I gotta go," he mumbled quickly and stood up.

"Aren't you going to wait for the senpais?" I asked. He bit his lip.

"I justâ€¦ remembered that I have something today. Tell them, please. Well, see you." And he dashed out of the room without even looking at me.

"S-see youâ€¦"

I buried myself deeper into the uncomfortable bed and sighed.

\_It's no use, huh?\_

The senpais came back in few minutes, and while we were talking, Noya-san accidentally let out something what has been being kept a secret from me.

Kageyama hasn't shown himself at practice ever since the accident. And he saidâ€¦ \_that he probably might have wanted to quit volleyball.\_

I didn't sleep that night â€" I spent it crying.

â€¦

Not just days, but the weeks passed as well. The rehabilitation was annoying and tedious, but I tried not to complain.

I had to seem okay. I had to seem brave. That's what I told myself.

But I still haven't figured out how I \_really\_ \_felt\_ about this whole situation.

And Kageyama's behavior was no help. He hasn't shown himself since he came with the senpais. He texted me once. Just once.

"I think he just needs time," Suga-san said one day. I really tried

not to show anything, but well, it was Suga-san, the team's 'mom': he was obligated to notice, I guess. "I'm sure it'll be alright, but for now, let's just leave him alone," he smiled.

I nodded. I was glad that they kept visiting me, even though it was obvious that I wasn't their 'teammate' anymore. But, as Tanaka-san said: "Huh? What are you talking about? Volleyball or not, you're still our friend!"

Still, I was troubled because of all this. And mostly about Kageyama; about him quitting volleyball. But we never talked about it. Not just that I wasn't supposed to know in the first place, but alsoâ€¦ well, I couldn't bring myself to tell him to stay. I couldn't tell him that I didn't want him to leave while I wasn't so sure about it myself. He probably took it as a punishment for himself, since he felt so guilty about itâ€¦ but since I \_still\_ had no idea if \_I\_ found him guilty or not, I kept my mouth shut.

â€¦

And finally, I was back home. It took more than a month, but I finally was in my room again, and that made me feel better, much better. Still, I didn't come to a conclusion about my feelings.

But then, Kageyama visited me once more.

I have to admit that I was \_relieved\_ when he opened the door. I was desperate to see him, actually. So, when he walked in, I smiled, and that smile was \_almost\_ \_honest\_.

Then, after a few empty phrases, he did it again: said thing he probably never really meant to.

I tried to talk back as always, to stay carefree and braveâ€¦ but I forgot how well Kageyama got to know me during the past year.

"You are a terrible liar, Hinata," he said.

\_I was, right?\_

Then, he ran away again. I didn't blame him. I would probably do the same at his place. But right before he left, he said something, something that I never thought I'd be so desperate to hear until the words left his mouth.

"Justâ€¦ you don't have to act so tough all the time, you know."

\_Was it like that?\_

\_Really?\_

After he shut the door, I just kept staring at it for next few minutes. The words echoed in my head: \_'You don't have to act so tough all the time, you know.'\_

\_Does it meanâ€¦ that he has finally accepted it? \_Because it definitely sounded like it. I smiled. \_Finally, Kageyama. You did it. Thank you.\_

â€|..

That night, I haven't slept again, but this time it wasn't because I'd cry. I don't know why Kageyama's words affected me so much, but they did, and I was finally able to think about everything once more and properly.

I went through everything: I replayed every moment of that afternoon, and everything since: the conversations with senpais, encounter with Kageyama, their words of pity and encouragement. I thought about Kageyama's final words that day.

Then, I went back to the point I saw him standing on the road.

And I realized something. The reason why it was so hard to accept everything, the conflicted feelings of mine towards himâ€| it all made sense now.

And I came to a conclusion:

I didn't regret it. Not even a little bit. The choice I made was the right one.

I smiled, and for the first time in weeks, this smile was completely honest.

Yeah, I did the right thing. I'm proud of myself. I totally have zero regrets.

Then I frowned a little into the darkness.

I have to tell him. Once I'm back at school, I have to tell him everything.

And with that thought, relieved, I fell asleep.

â€|

Wooooah thanks for reading again! C: The next chapter is (probably? hahahaha who knows) gonna be the last one... so um yeah. Also, I wouldn't probably post it if it wasn't for my beta mizu! So yeah, ahaha, I tink it's all. I hope you liked the chapter. Bye. C:

### 3. Chapter III - Conclusion

Sooooo here I am again with the last chapter! I will skip the unnecessary things and just let you enjoy it. I hope you'll like it! C:

**\*\*No regrets - chapter III. â€" Conclusion\*\***

**\*\*Kageyama's POV\*\***

I was lying in my bed and couldn't sleep. Becauseâ€| it was Sunday. Tomorrow, it's the day Hinata comes back to school.

I will have to face him again. But I am too afraid to do so.

And it also meantâ€| that I will have to tell him. That he will find

out.

\_About me quitting volleyball.\_

I wonder how he will react. Will he be mad? Yeah, probably. Naturally. \_Since he can't play anymore and I'm throwing away something he just lost?\_

\_And he lost it because of me. He gave me a chance to continue, but Iâ€¦ I wasted it. \_I shook my head. \_No, I didn't. This is my punishment. I have no right to play anymore.\_

I tried to fall asleep but I just couldn't stop thinking about it.

\_If only I could run away and not see him ever again.\_

Sure, it would hurt. It would hurt as hell. But I caused him enough troubles. Iâ€¦ I don't deserve to be with him anymore. I don't deserve to be his friend anymore.

\_A 'friend'â€¦ \_Is that really what I want us to be?

\_No, wait, like hell it isn't. What the heck am I thinking.\_

But still, I realized that I was being selfish. I want to run away because it's easier for me. What ifâ€¦ what if he doesn't feel this way? What if he really doesn't want me to go?

But then again, I remembered the look on his face when I met him a few days ago. \_No, that's impossible. He was lying the whole time. He hates me for sure.\_

\_But there's nothing wrong with being a little selfish, right? I'm the oppressive "King" after allâ€¦ \_

Finally, I fell asleep, exhausted.

â€¦

I became used to not spending time with Hinata at school, just as going home right after the classes have ended and not to practice. It felt weird to know that today it will change after almost two months.

\_Right, it will change, and it will change forever.\_

I hoped that I won't meet him, even though I didn't believe it myself. We weren't in the same class so the chances weren't as high as they could have been, but still, I doubt I could avoid himâ€¦ for the rest of my life.

\_Even though I would gladly do that.\_

The classes were over, so I wanted to get out as soon as possible in order to avoid meeting Hinata somewhere. But there was one place I wanted to visit before I left. The place I went to every single day since the accident, even though I only stayed for just a few seconds before walking away without looking back.

It was the gymnasium.

I knew that the volleyball club was there at the moment.

I gulped.

\_I will just take a look. As always.\_

\_Also, it's not like Hinata's going to be there, right?\_

I took a deep breath and walked near the entrance. I heard voices, familiar voices. It made me feel dizzy.

"Hey, Kageyama!"

\_Crap.\_

I slowly turned back and saw Hinata.

My plan was totally ruined.

\_Oh my god what do I do.\_

But he just wheeled to me a sight that still hurt too much smiled and said: "I was looking for you."

.

\_\*\*Hinata's POV\*\*\_

I was standing in front of the gymnasium I used to spend so much time in. Well, standing is not the right word I was sitting in my wheelchair, as always, but since it was the closest I will ever get to standing ever again, let's just go with that.

\_It's been a while since I've been here, huh?\_

So I went in.

"Hey, look who's here!"

"It's Hinata!"

"Hinata, you came back!"

"Long time no see!"

"Hi everyone!" I smiled. It was nice to see them again, especially some other way than as visitors in the hospital. But my smile faded the moment I realized Kageyama was not there.

\_So he still hasn't returned?\_

The senpais all came to me, along with Yamaguchi and Tsukishima (true, he didn't talk, but it was probably better than nothing). They asked how I've been and just talk about unimportant thing in general.

But it was nice.

Still, I had to ask.

"Kageyama still hasn't come back?"

Suddenly, the whole team looked shocked.

"How do you know?" Daichi-san asked, but Suga-san already made his move. He grabbed Noya-san and Tanaka-san by the back of their shirts and with an angry expression so unusual for him, he growled: "It was you two, huh? Dammit, I told you to keep your mouth shut, didn't I?!"

"I'm sorryyyyyyyyyyy!" Noya-san cried. "It was an accident I swear! I'm sorry! I really am!"

"S-Suga-san, it's alright!"

"H-hey, Suga, calm down, will you?"

He sighed and let the frightened duo go. "Well, back to your question no, he hasn't." Suga-san looked away. "We've tried to convince him, but it was no use. We failed every time."

"Oh, but I'm sure that we will success eventually!" Tanaka-san said encouragingly.

"I have to find him," I mumbled.

"You haven't met him yet?" Noya-san asked. I shook my head. "Well, if that's the case, go and wait outside the gym. He usually comes here after school."

"Wait, like really?!"

"He comes here?!"

"Why didn't you tell us?"

"Huh? I never thought you haven't noticed," Noya-san said, surprised. "He never stays for long, though. He always comes, stands here watching for a few seconds, and then walks away."

The whole team suddenly went silent.

"I need to talk to him," I said as I pierced through the suffocating atmosphere. "I hope I can settle things up at least a bit. Thanks, Noya-san. I will wait outside then."

"Alright! I'm sure it'll work out!"

"Good luck, Hinata!"

"We're counting on you!"

"Sure!" I waved at them and left the gym.

\_Will this really work? \_I shook my head. \_No, it just has to. I have to tell him.\_

I heard that the club returned to their practice after I left. I was



waiting outside, waiting for a certain angry, black haired guy to appear.

\_And he really did.\_

Just as Noya-san said, he came near the entrance and stopped to stare at the gym for a while. \_This is my chance. It's now or never.\_

I took a deep breath and shouted: "Hey, Kageyama!"

He turned to me and the horror on his face was obvious. Still, I tried not to let it affect me.

"I was looking for you," I said.

\_Right. It was now or never. I can either save this, or totally fuck up and it will be over forever.\_

\_I just have to do my best; as always.\_

\_\*\*General POV\*\*\_

They finally have encountered: both being as scared as glad to finally happen so. But now, looking each other into eyes, none of them know how to start. What to say. It was too much between the two of them in the past two months.

Surprisingly, it was Kageyama to break the silence first. "Youâ€| you were looking for me?"

Hinata nodded. "Yeah. I need to talk to you."

"â€|is that so."

"Are you willing to listen then?"

"Ofâ€| of course."

"Great," Hinata smiled, but then his face turned serious â€" still an unusual sight for Kageyama. Or for anyone, really.

"First, Iâ€| I have to apologize. I wasn't always honest about this situation. I'm sorry."

\_There it is, Kageyama thought. He really was lying. Did he search for me just to tell me the truth? About how he hates me?\_

But Hinata continued. "The truth is, I wasn't sure if I regretted it or notâ€| I wasn't even sure if I didn't hate you, actually," he whispered. Kageyama gulped as he felt his throat tighten. "But," Hinata said finally, "I was able to overcome it and think about it once more and properlyâ€| itâ€| it was actually because what you've said that day you came to visit me last time."

Kageyama frowned. \_What did I say the last time I saw himâ€|? Oh, wait right, I said- dammit.\_

"And Iâ€| I finally came to a conclusion."

Silence surrounded the two once again. Hinata, looking straight at

Kageyama until now, gazed away in embarrassment. \_Daaamn, isn't there any less awkward way to say it?\_ he thought.

"So?" Kageyama trembled after a while, his words piercing the air. It was quiet; classes were over, so students were participating in their clubs or either on their ways home. The only sound in reach was muffled voices of volleyball team's players and squeaking of the ball. "What was the conclusion you came to?"

Hinata, once again, smiled, and this time, the smile was unusually bright. "That I don't regret it. Not even a little bit."

Kageyama just stood there in shock, his eyes fixed on him. \_This smileâ€¦\_

It was the same Hinata he knew before the accident.

The sparks in his eyes were back â€" they weren't dead anymore. His smile was true and cheerfulâ€¦ it was honest. \_It really was the same Hinata as before. \_Kageyama's eyes widened in surprise. \_He wasn't lying.\_

But it made him feel even worse than before.

"Why?" he whispered. "Why don't you? How can you?"

"Kageyama-" Hinata started, but Kageyama took a step back.

"You're only making it worse."

Hinata sighed and looked Kageyama straight in the eyes. "Why don't you listen to me?"

"I don't want to."

"You're being rather selfish, you know?"

"Well, I'm the oppressive "King", aren't I?"

Hinata frowned. "Yeah. Sure you are." He didn't expect this to go smoothly, yet it was worse than he had imagined. \_What should I do, \_he thought as he bit his lip.

Kageyama went silent and increased the distance between him and Hinata.

"Justâ€¦ please listen to me, Kageyama," Hinata begged.

\_I don't want to\_, Kageyama thought, but didn't say anything. "Alright," he said instead.

Hinata smiled. "Thanks."

"Yeah."

"So, I need you to understand finally that I don't blame you."

"But I don't understand how is that even possible."

"It was my choice. I jumped there. I knew perfectly well what I was

doing."

"I bet you didn't."

"Kageyama, please."

Kageyama shut his eyes and shook his head. "Iâ€¦ I justâ€¦"

"I know, but please, listen." Hinata took a deep breath before continuing. "Look, as I said, I wasn't honest the whole time. I was confused and didn't know what I thought about it, actually. But now I do." He looked at Kageyama, who was still a few steps away. "I justâ€¦ I just didn't want for this," he gestured towards the wheels of the wheelchair he was sitting in, "to happen to you."

Kageyama frowned and opened his mouth to talk back, but Hinata didn't let him. "No, wait little bit longer. You knowâ€¦ I \_will \_be honest now: I'm not glad. I'm mad. Iâ€¦ I hate this," he whispered and he looked away. "I would still like to play. It's not like I don't care, you know."

"Then why-"

"I did it for you." \_So you better be grateful, \_Hinata thought, but he kept his mouth shut. \_This was hard enough. I don't need to piss Kageyama off even more.\_

"Kageyamaâ€¦" he started, "would youâ€¦ Would you do that for someone? Justâ€¦ just imagine it: someone who is very dear to you is in danger. And youâ€¦ you have the chance to change it. To save them. Would you do that?" Kageyama frowned as he started to think. \_Would I?\_

\_Someone dear to meâ€¦\_

"Yeah," he whispered. "I would do that for you."

\_Crap, did I really say that out loud?\_

Hinata laughed â€" for the first time in two months. "You see? And that's exactly it."

Kageyama felt his heart stop beating for a second. He was happy, so happy, yet he still couldn't get rid of these thoughtsâ€¦

"I realized what could have happened to you. I imagined that futureâ€¦ and I didn't want that. I still don't want that. If I haven't jumped back then, you would be in my place right now. And I don't want that. Iâ€¦ don't want for you to feel the same as I do. I'm happy that I saved you. After allâ€¦ you're the talented "King", right? It would be shame if you had to quit playing, unlike me."

Kageyama bit his lip. \_Quit playingâ€¦ Actually, that'sâ€¦\_

"I know about it," Hinata said suddenly and Kageyama flinched.

"How do you?!" he blurted.

"Sorry, the senpais accidentally did."

Kageyama looked to the ground. "I've already decided."

"Please, Kageyama," Hinata begged, "don't. I want you to play." \_I need you to play. \_"I didn't do this for you to quit; I did it so I can still watch you play, even if it's without me."

Kageyama looked at Hinata in surprise as he continued: "Yeah, I still want to play, you know? I still want to playâ€¦ \_with you.\_ I'm most mad about the fact that I can't spike any of your tosses anymore. Still," he looked Kageyama straight in the eyes, "it's okay as long as I can watch you play. I'm alright as long as you stand on the court; because then, I know that it wasn't for nothing. So, don't quit. Please."

\_Crap, I think I kind of fucked up, \_Hinata thought.

Kageyama just stood there speechless.

"Iâ€¦ Iâ€¦" he stuttered, "I'm not sure if I can enjoy playing without you anymore."

It was obvious that these words hurt Hinata. "Find a way to do so," he said softly. "I'm sure you can. Will you do that, for me, Kageyama?"

"I-I'll try my best."

"Good then."

"Iâ€¦ I would rather sit in that fucking wheelchair, just if I could watch you play. Watch you jump. Watch you being happy."

Hinata smiled. "That's nice to hear. But nowâ€¦ you do understand how I feel, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"Great. But," Hinata smirked, "if you still feel guilty, there's something you can do about itâ€¦"

"What is it?" Kageyama said frantically, the distance he kept between them two already forgotten.

"Come closer."

Kageyama obeyed.

Then, Hinata grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled him right to his face.

And then, he kissed him.

Kageyama's eyes widened in surprise. He expected everything but this. \_Stillâ€¦ it's not like it wasn't enjoyable. \_So he obeyed once more as he put his arms over Hinata's back and tightened the grip.

Hinata let go of Kageyama's collar and moved his arm to the other's neck, holding it tight and pulling him even closer.

\_At that moment, everything seemed perfect.\_

\_There was no accident. No worries. Even no volleyball.\_

\_They were both perfectly happy and wanted it to last forever.\_

\_Yet, that's was impossible.\_

They separated after a while, both their cheeks red. It was a little awkward after something like that; what to say now?

"Soâ€¦ did you say that is this how I can repay you my debt?" Kageyama mumbled.

"Yeah, that's right," Hinata sneered.

"Howâ€¦ how many times are we going to do that?"

"I don't know," he shrugged. "Until we get tired of it?"

"Yeah. Sounds nice."

"I know, right?"

"You really are an idiot, Hinata."

"I'm not going to deny that," he smirked.

"Soâ€¦ you really have no regrets?" Kageyama asked softly.

Hinata nodded. "No regrets."

Kageyama stared to the ground for a bit, but then suddenly leaned forward and kissed Hinata again, though it was much shorter than the first one.

"Why was this? So suddenly," Hinata breathed.

Kageyama scowled at him. "Didn't you say we have to do it several times?"

Hinata blinked in surprise, but then laughed. "Yeah. Wait, Kageyama, are you crying?!"

"O-of course I'm not, you moron!"

â€¦

What they didn't know was that they were having spectators the whole time: all of the volleyball club assembled at the entrance to watch their encounter.

"Woooah, they did it! They really did it!"

"Finally!"

"I told you, these two were meant to be together!"

"It also means that now there's two less to worry about hitting on

Kiyoko-san: jackpot!"

"Shut up Tanaka will you."

"Daaaaaamn!" Daichi groaned. "I was so sureâ€¦ so sure that they won't come out until the next yearâ€¦"

"Huh, Daichi-san, what's wrong?" Nishinoya asked.

"He actually bet with someone about this two getting together," Suga said with a mischievous smile.

"Heeeh? Who?"

"Well-"

"THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT!" Daichi yelled. "Important is to not let him know."

"But aren't they gonna startâ€¦ like dating or something now, you know?"

"Right, there's probably no chance for people not to notice, is there?"

"Daaaamn!"

â€¦.

\_\*\*Aaaaaaaah so here we are, this is the end. It's actually refreshing since I haven't finished any story for so long hahahaha.\*\*\_

\_\*\*Anyway, thanks for reading you guys! I hope you all liked it and then again I'm sorry if it was painful... but that was the purpose, actually, ahahaha. Anyway, thanks again! I really appreciate all of your likes and comments! C:\*\*\_

\_\*\*I hope this is not the last time we meet over some of my fics, so until then, have a nice time! See you!\*\*\_

\_\*\*(Also shhhh, but if you draw a fanart for this fic, I will probably love you forever and ever, just saying.)\*\*\_

#### 4. sequel announcement

Hello friends!

Since I've seen some of you follow the story even though it was completed already, I would like to announce this way that I started a sequel named \_\*\*For your sake\*\*\_, which you can find on my profile since I have no idea how links works in these things but I think they probably don't.

It's about our dorks lives after they started college, so I hope you will enjoy it at least as much as you enjoyed No regrets!

AND! For the person who asked who did Daichi bet with: THANK YOU I WAS HOPING FOR SOMEONE TO ASK. It was with Kuroo. Kenma was the one

who started talking about this and then Daichi and Kuroo fought for a while about their opinions hahaha but as you can see Kuroo was the one who was right.

Anyway, I'll leave you to read the sequel now. Thanks for all the likes and nice comments and support. I really appreciate it and it's something that helps me keep writing.

Bye for now, see you with the sequel~

\_\*\*Skullka\*\*\_

End  
file.